


The Lioness and The Fly



There was once a fly who laughed in his sleep.

The lioness said to the fly, "Shoo fly, don't bother me."

The fly who laughs in his sleep said, "Please let me sleep at the top of your ear."

The lioness didn't want the fly sleeping on her ear. She brushed off the fly, but the fly insisted. "Please, O beautiful Lioness, just let me sleep on your ear."

The lioness had a fear that snakes would come and eat her in her sleep, for she was a deep sleeper. Her resting place was safely hidden behind the trunks of two trees which had grown together. No one knew she was there. This was her hiding place. Here, she was safe. Although she remembers the words of her mother, "The fly will come to sleep with you, and then, if the fly is nice, he will help you in your later life."

This fly seems nice enough, she thought, but I've heard he laughs in his sleep. He could wake the sleeping snakes and they will devour me while I sleep. This will not do.

The fly looked at the lioness and he could tell she was going to say "No". "Please, Please," he pleaded. "There is nowhere for a poor fly to sleep and I will get cold if I stay out in the night."

The lioness still thought the fly would bring the snakes to her.

"Couldn't you just sleep over there, on that boar?" she asked the fly who was buzzing around her head. "That boar?! I barely know that boar, I would much rather sleep on your soft ears." The lioness thought she would settle with this fly, and let him sleep on her ear.

"Okay fly, come on." The fly said "Woohoo!" and settled on the Lioness' ear.

In the night, the fly laughed, and the snakes came and devoured the lioness.

The fly woke up just as the snake had finished gobbling the lioness whole.

The fly was flabbergasted!

"How!? O, why, o why!? How did this snake find this lioness?"

The snake said, "Don't you know fly?"

"Know what?" the fly said.

"You are loud in your sleep. You laugh! I came just after you began your rest together." The fly blamed himself for the lioness' death. He would tear his wings off to bring her back. The snake speaks without remorse.

"Do not worry fly, you could not have known you were sending this lioness to her death."

The fly knew this was true, but he also knew he caused her death.

He cried a single tear for her memory, which, for a fly, is a great amount.

The next night came and the fly needed a place to sleep. He looked around at other animals ear's to sleep with, but he could not find a suitable match.

The boar was stinky. The giraffe's were too tall. The hippo's too wet.

Then he saw another lioness. She was all alone.

He came to the lioness and said, "May I sleep on your ear tonight soft, graceful lioness?" The lioness said "Sure, little one."

Then the fly remembered his first lioness and said, "I must warn you, I truly do wish to sleep with you, but I laugh in my sleep."

The lioness smiled and said to him, "It's okay little fly, I laugh too."

And they slept the night, laughing their asses off.

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A Moral Tale

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